

problems of the rubber industry as long as their physical comfort is not impaired. Producers of rubber, however, may see the once "black gold" turn almost over night to "homemade" or synthetic rubber products.

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Winter Evening

DONALD RIDER

As the year evolves, nature contemplates, nature broods, nature rants, and nature breathes the warm glow of spring. She may brood the noisy thunderstorm of summer, rant the early autumn squalls, and whisper with zephyrs the heralding of spring, but tonight she contemplates. Tonight she contemplates and her utter silence pervades the hunter's cabin.

The hound lies by the fire gazing steadily into the dancing flames. No emotion is shown, no movement of the muscles is perceptible. What passes through his mind if animals have no reason? Does he think of the past chases, dwell upon his comfort, or contemplate the future? Or is his mind

blank, sensing only contentment, warmth, and light? Or is he listening, listening to something imperceptible to human beings, unreal, unexplainable?

The master reclines in his favorite chair facing the sputtering logs. Slowly he raises his old briar, draws easily, deliberately, exhaling the blue smoke in idle curls. His eyes move from the fire and rest upon his faithful hound. He watches long and with patient interest, vaguely attempting to penetrate the other's thoughts. He strives in vain. Silence, the great gap between man and beast, cannot be penetrated.